Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyzd,
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied,
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In th'end of Autume turned to the Rams,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the acte,
The skilfull shepheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceiuing, did in eaning time
Fall party-coloured lambes, and those were *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture sir, that *Iacob* ser'ud for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swayd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and siluer, Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast,
But note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnesse,
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falshood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vsances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For sufferance is the badge of all our Tribe)

You call me misbeleeue
And spet vpon my *Iewish*
And all for vse of that wh
Well then, it now appea
Goe to then, you come t
Shylocke, we would haue
You that did voyd your
And foote me as you spu
Ouer your threshold, mo
What should I say to yo
Hath a dog money? is it
A curre can lend three th
Shall I bend low, and in a
With bated breath, and
Say this: Faire sir, you sp
You spurn'd me such a da
You call'd me dog: and
Ile lend you thus much m

Ant. I am as like to ca
To spet on thee againe, to
If thou wilt lend this mon
As to thy friends, for whe
A breed for barren mettal
But lend it rather to thine
Who if he breake, thou
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why looke you h
I would be friends with y
Forget the shames that yo
Supply your present want
Of vsance for my monies,
This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindne

Shy. This kindnesse w
Goe with me to a Notarie
Your single bond, and in